THE WHOLE PROPHECIES OF SCOTLAND, ENGLAND, FRANCE, IRELAND and DENMARKE.

Prophecied by Marueilous MERLING, BEID, BERTLINGTON, THOMAS RYMER, WALDHAVE, ELTRAINE, BANESTER, and SYBILLA.

All agreeing in one: Both in *Latine* verse, *and* SCOTTISH *Metter.*

CONTAINING MANY STRANGE AND marueilous matters, not of before *read nor heard.*

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SACRO ET AVG. MONA.

IACOBO, magnæ BRIT. GAL. & HIB. REGI, &c.

INVICTE REGVM REGIBVS *edite*
REGNVM BRITANNVM *qui imperio regis*
REGALI, *& unus* CHRISTIANE
REGVLA, *tum typus es regendi:*
REGNVM *relictum funere* REGIO
REGNVM *receptum munere patrio,*
REGNES *beatus, nos regendos*
Vsque tuæ ſoboli relinquens.

ALIUD.

CONditor humani generis, cuſtoſque IEHOVAH
Nil homini tribuit, moderato Principe majus:
In quo vera DEI, vivenſque elucet Imago.
Effigiem quam fers, Invicte Monarcha *Britanni*
Exſpectate diu, cui vatum oracla priorum
Aurea compoſitis promittunt ſecula bellis.
Vive diu, ſed vive DEO, vitaque peracta
Puriter, æterna compoſitus pace quieſcas.

Priſca

Priscæ Scotorum Prophetiæ.

1 SCOTIA mæsta dole, propria jam perdita prole,
Regibus orba tuis, fraude subacta tuis.
2 Proh dolor, ancilla fit libera, fraus perit illa,
Ignaræ sobolis gens, perit ecce dolis.
3 Magnifici funus regis, dolor omnibus unus,
Subdita non legi, dat malè Regna Regi.
4 O gravis anxietas, sexus dolet omnis, & ætas:
Quem fera mors rapuit, natio Scota luit.
5 Pridem terra ferax, gens martia natio verax,
Perdiderat gratum, quem tenuere statum.
6 Duro conflictu, fortunæ mobilis ictu,
Sunt id deterius, versa beata prius.
7 Sub juga venisti, quæ victrix ante fuisti:
Advena sceptra gerit, quæ velit ense terit.
8 Anglorum nati, nec vi, nec more probati,
Væ tibi quod solo, preda fuere dolo.
9 Gens invincibilis, gens fortis, gensque virilis
Succubuit fatis, res miseranda satis.
10 Gloria Scotorum, vernans ætate priorum:
Vel tantæ cladis, obtenebrata cadis.
11 Ecce repentinæ, sunt hujus causa ruinæ,
Contemptus fidei, fraus, dolus, ira DEI.
12 Rerum cæcus amor, inopum oppressio clamor
Iugis, plebs retegens natio legis egens
13 Fastus majorum, vitiorum causa priorum,
Peccati fomes legis inepta comes.
14 Hunc cecinere statum, veterum presagia vatum
Singula vovere, quæ cecinere fere.
15 Scandala, terrores, plagas, variosque dolores,
Ex serie fati, Scotia disce pati.
16 Gens surget ex te diuersa prosperitate,
Vix poterunt scribi, damna futura tibi.

17 Sed ne desperes, quæ tantis luctibus hæres,
Non est perpetua plaga futura tua.
18 Credo licet sera, veterum præsagia vera:
In bonitate DEI, sit tibi cura spei.
19 Nam quæ tot pateris quæ jam captiva videris,
Tandem solveris, imperialis eris.
20 Desuper eveniet tibi virtus, Scotia fiet
Vltima prosperior, quam tua vita prior.
21 Promittunt veteres, quod erit tibi bellicus hæres,
Qui sua jura novans, Regna juvabit ovans.
22 Stragibus immensis, sudabit Scoticus ensis,
Rex perdet cunctos ultor ubique reos.
23 Irruet Angligena per eum gens, non sine pœna,
Ense situ, fletu, peste, tremore, metu.
24 Hostibus afflictis, stratis, per prælia victis,
Scotia tuque frui, placida pace frui.

Alia Prophetia.

CVm fuerint anni completi mille ducenti,
Et tricenteni fuerint in numero pleni
Bis sex & seni veniunt ab equore Rheni,
Tunc ruet Anglorum mala gens, & semen eorum.

Alia Prophetia.

ANGLIA te perdet tua gens quam quilibet odit.
Te circum fodit gens Gallica, Scotia rodit.
Gallia mutetur, Ibernia insidietur,
Vix possupt scribi, damna futura tibi.

Alia Prophetia.

FLAN, Fran, consurgent, Hispani viribus urgent,
Dani dispergent, Almani limina lingent,
Sco devastabit, tunc Gallia arma parabit,
Et cum hoc fuerit Anglica gens periet.

Alia Prophetia.

Post Iacobum, Iacobos, Iacobum, Iacobus quoq; quintus
Et filius Daci Regno regnabit utroque.

Alia Prophetia.

MILLESIMVS ſexcenteſimus mirabilis annus
Ternus erit, Scotis commoda magna ferens:
Ortus & interitus Regum fatalis, & idem
Anglorum ad Scotum transferet Imperium.

Alia Prophetia, de Cathedra e Marmorea.

Ni fallat fatum, Scoti quocunque locatum
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.

Laus IOVAE, variæque hæres, hæres & Eliſæ,
Namque abeunt, tibi at adveniunt, ſine ſanguine regna.

The ſame in Scottiſh Meeter.

OLDE SCOTTISH PROPHECIES.

SCotlād be ſad now, & lamēt thy child whom ȳ haſt loſt.
Bereft of kings, falſely vndone by thy own kindly hoſte
2 Alace the free bonde is become, and deceit is thy fall.
The falſhood of ȳ brutiſh race hes broght thee into thral
3 The graue of ȳ moſt noble prince to all is great regrate,
Not ſubject to law, who doth leaue ȳ kingdom & eſtate.
4 O anguiſh great, where euery kind & age doth lament,
whom bitter death hes tane away, ſhal Scotlād ſore repēt
5 Lately a land of rich increaſe, a nation ſtout and true,
Hes loſt their former dear eſtate, w̄ they did hold of due.
6 By hard conflict, & by ȳ chance of mobile fortuns force
Thy hap and thy proſperity is turned into worſe,
7 Thou wont to win, now is ſubdude & com in vnder yok
Aſtrāger reigns, & doth deſtroy what likes w̄ ſword ſtrok
8 The Engliſh race, whom neither force nor maner do ap-
wo is to thee, by guil & ſlight is only win aboue. (proue
9 The mighty nation was to fore inuincible and ſtout,
Hes yeelded low to deſtiny, great pitty is but doubt.
10 In former age the Scots renowne did flouriſh goodly
But now alas is ouercled with a great dark decay. (gay:

11 Thé mark & ſee what is ȳ cauſe of this ſo wondrus fal
Contépt of faith, falſhood, deceit, ȳ wrath of God withal.
12 Vnſatiable greede of worlds gaine, oppreſsion cries of
Perpetual a ſlādrous race, no juſtice put in vre. (poore,
13 The hauty pride of mighty men, of former vice chiefe
cauſe,
The nurriture of wickedneſſe, an vnjuſt match of lawes.
14 Therfore this caſe ȳ Prophets old of long time did pre-
As now hes hapned euery point into this preſēt age. (ſage
15 Since fate is ſo, now Scotland learn in patiēce to abide
Slanders, great feares, & ſodē plages, & dolors mo beſide.
16 For out of thee ſhal people riſe, with diuerſe happines,
And yet a pé can ſcarcely write thy hurt, ſkath & diſtres.
17 And yet beware ȳ not diſtruſt, althogh orewhelmd w
Thy ſtrok is not perpetuall, for ȳ ſhalt find relief. (grief:
18 I do ſuppoſe althogh to late, old Prophecies ſhal hold
Hope thou in Gods goodnes euer, & mercies manifolde.
19 For thou that now a patient is, & ſeemeth to be bound:
At liberty ſhalt free be ſet, and with empire renownd.
20 Frō hie aboue ſhal grace com down, & thy ſtate Scotlād
In later end more proſperus nor former age did ſee. (be
21 Old propheſies fortel to thee a warlik heire bees born
who ſhal recouer new his right, adnāce his kingdōs horn.
22 Then ſhall the Scots ſworde ſweate with bloode, and
ſlaughter which they make.
The King himſelfe reuenger ſhall the guilty troups down
wrake.
23 The Engliſh natiō ſhal inuade, but not eſcape a plague,
with ſword, with thirſt, with teares and peſt, with feare and
ſuch like ague.
24 And after enemies bees throwne downe, and maſtered
by Warre.
Thé Scotlād in peace quietly, paſſe joyfull dayes for euer.

When

When HEMPE is come, and also gone,
SCOTLAND and ENGLAND shalbe all one.

K	K	Q	K	Q
HENRY	*EDWARD*	*MARY*	*PHILIP*	*ELIZAB.*
the eight.	*the sixt.*		*of Spain, Q. M. husband.*	

H E M P E.

Praised be God alone, for HEMPE is come & gone,
And left vs olde ALBION, by peace joyned in one.

Tempore patet occulta Veritas.

In time appeareth hidden Trueth.

MERLING sayes in his Booke, who will reade right,
Although his sayinges bée vncouth, they shalbe true found.
In the seuenth Chapter, reade who so will:
One thousand and more after Christes birth,
When the Calnalider of Cornwell is called,
And the Wolfe out of Wales is banquisht fay aye:
Then many perlies shall fall, and many folke die:
Many seicouth shall bée séene in all Christen landes,

In the Mone and the Sea, and signes of the Sun:
And in all Planets plainly that apeares in the Sky.
Then shall the Lyon bée best in the broad North:
And a fellon slaw shall fall some after,
And a shedding of blod within short time.
Both the Mone & the Wernis great dole shal make,
And all Par shall mourne many dayes after:
The great Boare with his tuskes the field shal lose,
A fell showre of the South shall fade him for ever,
And that Lied shall his life lose in another land.
Then shall a Freik bé fostered far in the South,
And to the kyth shall hé goe that hé came from.
With much wealth and worship shall hé goe home,
And inhabite Albanie vnto the ende:
Both the Pies and Arrane at his owne will,
Many men shall laugh when hé home comes.
But much seicouth shal be sene within short time
At his owne kinde blod, there shall be begin,
Chosle of the chiefest, and chop off their heads:
Some harled in Sleds, and hanged on hie:
Some put in Prison, and much paine byde.
The Crab shalbe out of his clift a long time,
With vnkinde blod, and yet shall recouer:
And other Beirnes in whole banisht for ever.
Couetice shalbe his name, the King of that kyth:
For both his heart & his head shalbe of flint forget.
No Lord shall liue in that Land but himselfe alone,
But they are brieued in bill, to kepe them in baill.
Yet shall a man of more baile marre him for ever:
For suddenly hé shall goe downe, and die in a fen.
There shal no king come in that kith for a lóg time,
But a figure of a flowre, the fairest in the firth:

The

The white flowre and the red to shall hée bée called,
In the mouth of Arrane a selcouth shall fall,
Two bloody Hearts shalbe taken with a false traine,
And derfly dung downe without any dome,
Ireland, Orknay, and other Lands many:
For the death of those two great dole shall make.
Then much sorrow is séene within vij. yeres:
Both the Crab and the Cocke. they shall escape:
For more harme at that time shall they not haue.
When the Rauen roupes, many man shall rue.
From Cornwell to Caithnes they shal his cry heare
When the Glead in his clift is climbe to the height.
Hé counts not the Lyon that is his kinde Lord.
Then the Graip would gouern all, & gapes therafter
With great gifts of Golde, the flowre would he get.
Come hé once in his clokes, hé couers it neuer.
Then would a pure Catiue bé képer of the Kyth:
Yet shall it faile the freit, that the fole thinks.
When the Cocke crowes, kéepe well his combe:
For the Fore and the Fulmart, they are false both.
When the Rauen & the Roke hes roûded together,
And the Kid in his clift shall accord to the same.
Then shall they bé bolde, and sone to batle after.
Thē shal ỳ Buck in belling time make a great bear:
It is but wind that hé wastes, for hé is but alway.
Then shall waken vp a warre, and much wo after.
When the Birds of the Rauen rugges and réanes,
And the liel mē of Louthian be loppen on their horse
Then shall the pure people bé spoyled full neare:
And the Piers shall mourne many dayes after.
And all the Abbies truely that stands on Twéde,
And all Louthian, shall liue on their liues ender.

They shall burne and slay, and great reiffes make,
There dare no poore man say whose man hee is:
Then shall the land bee lawlesse, for loue is there non
And falshood shall haue foot fully fiue yeeres:
And trueth truly shalbe tint, & none shall trust other:
The Cosin once shall not trust the other,
Nor the sonne the father, nor the father the sonne:
For to haue his goods, hee would haue him hang'd.
Then shall they a counsell call for peace of the Kyth,
To make loue among Lords, but that shall not last:
For those Barons & Batchelars that will not obey,
That wil not keep to their cry, nor come to their cal.
Then shall men bee marked for their misdeeds,
That shall turne them to teine within a while after
When xiv. are past & twise three the threep is at end,
And ouer a water hee shall, and faire see for himselfe,
And in a faire Forrest shall an Ern big:
Many man shall lose their life in the meane time:
For they shall pitch a Field and fearcely fight:
Upon a broad moore a battell shalbee,
Beside a stocke Crosse that stands in the North:
It is couered with dead Corps, and all of a Kyth,
That the Crow may not know where the cros stood.
The Wolf shalbee watchman, & keep many ways
And shalbee leil to the Lyon, his own kind Lord.
Holy Church is combered with the best of the Kyth,
With lãguages ẏ liues not by Christ, but ẏ shal not
From Balcomy to the Basse on the broad sea. (last,
And from Ireland in the Forth shalbee a faire sight,
Of Barges and Bellingers, and many broad saile:
With 3. Libberts, & the Flowrdeluce fair vpõ hight.
Then shall a Hunter in haste come forth of ẏ South

With

With many Ratches in row ruled full right
And shall goe on his fot ouer the water of Forth:
And in Fyle shall hee fight, and the field win:
And the Chiftanes shall die on either side.
When the man in the Pon is most in his might,
Then shall Dumbarton turne vp that is downe:
And the mouth of Arrane both at one time.
And the Lord with ẏ lucken hand his life shal he lose
For couetousnesse and treason, that loses the land.
When the Crags of Tarbat is tumbled in the sea
At the nert Summer after sorrow for euer.
Weids Woks haue I séene, and Wanesters also,
Marueilous Merling, and all accords in one.
Marueilous Merling is walked away,
With a wicked woman, two might thée bée:
For thée hath closed him in a Craig on Cornwel cost
When the Cock in the North hath builded his nest
Busked his Birds, and bowned him to flée:
Then shall Fortune, his friend, the gates vp cast,
And right shall haue his frée entry.
Then rise shal the Pone in the North-West,
In a cloud as black as the Bill of a Crow:
Then is lowsed a Lyon, the boldest and the best,
That was borne in Britan since Arthures dayes.
Then shal a dreadful Dragon dres him from his den
To helpe the Lyon with his great might.
A Bull and a Bastard spurres shall spend,
To abide with the Beare, to reckon his rights.
A Libberd engendered of native kind,
With the sterne of Bethlehem shal rise in the South
An Horse and an Anthelop, boldly shall abide,
A Beare and a Brock, with bernes so bright,

A proude Prince in the preis Lordly shall light,
With bold Barrons in bushmēt to battel shal wend
Then shall the prophecie proue, that Thomas of tels
Many comely Knight is cast vnder foote:
That shal make Maidens murne, ẏ in bowre dwels,
The dreadfull day of desteny shall driue to ẏ night:
Shal make Maidēs & Wiues in murning be broght
Then they méet on ẏ morning with the Moone light:
Betwixt Seton and the sea sorrow shalbe wrought.
There the Lyon shalbe hurt, and not perceiued:
Thē shal he braid to ẏ best, that him the hurt wroght
And many sterne in that stound shall fold to the frée:
And the proudest in the preis to bail shalbe brought
The fey Foxe and the Fulmart in armes are taken,
And led to the Lyon Law to abide:
The Pyper and the Pye shall suffer the same:
And all the friends of the Foxe shalbe fey made.
Then shall Troye vntrue tremble for dread,
For dreddor of ẏ deadman, whē they here him speak
All the commons of the kyth shal cast him the keyes,
The bushment of Beuerlaw therwith shall breake.
When Warre men and Woods away went,
And euery séed in his season kindly is set,
And right well ruled, and falsehood is fled:
Then shal be plenty of peace, whē lawes haue no let
The Spouse of God shall sing with a joyfull song,
Thanking God thereof, and the Trinitie.
And all grace and goodnes shall grow vs among.
And euery fruit shall haue plenty by land and by sea
Then the Sunne and the Moone shall shine bright,
That many dayes afore darke haue béene,
And kéepe their course both day and night,

With

With moze mirth than men haue ſéene.
As Bertlingtons Bookes, and Banefter bs telles,
Perling, and many mo, that with maruels melles,
And alſo Thomas Rymer in his Tales telles.
They ſay, The Saxons ſhall chooſe them a Lord,
That ſhall make them greatly to fall vnder:
The dead man ſhall riſe, and make them accord.
And this is much wonder and ſlight,
That hée that was dead, and buried in ſight,
Shall riſe againe, and liue in the land,
In comfort of a young Knight,
That Fortune hath choſen to bée her husband:
The whéle ſhall turne to him fall right,
That Fortune hath choſen to bée her fiere:
In Surrey ſhall hée ſhew a ſight,
In Babylon bring many a beirne on biere.
Fifténe miles from Hieruſalem the holy croſſe wis
The ſame Lord that beares the Lyon, (ſhall hée.
At Sandſwrde wan the gré:
Fortune hath granted him the Victorie.
Since firſt that hée armes bare:
For without treaſon or traitorie,
Deſtenie ſhall not him deire,
While kinde of age till him drine.
For euery man on Molde muſt die:
But ende hæ ſhall in the land of Chriſt.
And in the Vale of Joſaphat buried ſhall hée bée.

¶ The Prophecie of Beid.

BEtwirt the chiefe of Summer & the ſaid Winter,
Before the heat of the Harueſt happē ſhall a war.
That Europes Lands earneſtly ſhalbe wrought,

And

And earnest enuy shall last but a while:
But the Lyon with his lusty flowrs,
For harme of hard heat shall hap him with leaues:
Then spéed and spread him to Spaine into Winter
All flowrs in the Forth shall follow him on.
Callender shall cry Cornwell the nobell,
And inherit all Albany at his own will,
Enuy to all Alieris, anone to bée wrocken,
Old Armoscycianes, and Albany the same,
Shal recouer Castles & Towrs out of Saxons hands
Whē Bretoners shal beat them with brāds of stéele
There shall no Bastard blood bide in these lands.
Albanus that time King of the Earth,
Albanactus kin and Lord of the land.
To the Lilly shall leane, and loue none other.
The Lyon leader of all, and Lord of all Beasts,
Shall leane to the Lilly, and liue him with:
And shal stir him to striue by ẏ streams of Humber
The Stepsons of the Lyon sturdily of themselues,
They shall start vp with strife, and stir all at once,
And strik down the stepsons & destroy them for euer
Neither loue they the Lilly nor the Lyon:
But the Lilly shalbée lowse when they least wéene.
Then al shal happen to the Hart, happen as it may,
And the taile of the Summer toward the Haruest,
Bée then ẏ Lilly shalbée lowsed whē they least think
Then clear Kings blood shal quake for fear of death
For Churls shal chop off heads of their chief beirns,
And carfe off the crowns that Christ hath anointed.
All this must desteny driue to an end.
An Eagle of the East, a venterous Beast,
Shalbée glad flowrs to fang in the first season:

And

And stir to the Steplons, and strike them together:
Bind bands bruckle, baile to begin:
For he would Garlands get of these fair flowrs,
That in Sommer season spreads so fair:
But soon shall faile the fruit that the sole thinks,
A fell Northerne flaw shall fade him for ever.
Hereafter on either side sorrow shall rise,
The Barges of clear Barons down shalbe sunken
Seculars shall sit in Spirituall seats,
Occupying Offices, anointed as they were.
The true tytle to purchase that the trueth holds,
They shall torment them with torments anew.
Then Barons shall buske on their best wise,
Attour the Felles to faire, with a fay Fox bird:
Turne first to Christ with Todes wyles.
But soone the Tode shalbe tint, and his time losed,
They shal escape such a chak, eschew who so may.
Then shal the nobelest escape with the Felles.
Yet shal the one Fore in the field escape:
The Falkon shalbe lowsed in his wings.
Who so trusts not this tale, nor the tearme knowes,
Let him on Perling meane, and his merry words.
And true Thomas told in his time after,
At Sandwod shalbe seene example of their deds:
Yet it must ouerdrive the Tode in his buske.
Buske thee now Barwicke, with thy broad walles,
Thou shalt inclyn to thy King, that is thy kind Lord
As Saint Beid of that Burgh in his Booke sayes:
Thou shalt with the Lyon leane, and lestru for ever.
Thogh thou be subject to ŷ Sarons, sorrow thou not
Thou shalt be lowsed at ŷ last, beleeue thou in Christ
And euery language shal haue his Lordship to brook.

It

It was not lost, but lent for a little time.
Bolde Barwicke bée blyth with thy broade walles,
Thou shalt to the Lyon stoupe as Lord of his own:
Let neuer the Libbert lippen longer a day,
In bolde Brittaine to bwcke a fote broad of earth.
Who so doubtes of this déede, or denies hereon,
I doe them well for to know the date is deuised:
Take the formost of middle-earth, & mark by the self
With foure Crescents, closed together:
Then of the Lyon, the longest sée thou chose:
Lowse not the Lyonesse, let her lye still.
If thou cast through case the course of the Heauen,
Take Saint Andrewes Crosse thrise:
Kéepe well these teachments, as Clarks haue tolde,
Thus begins the date, déeme as thou likes,
Thou shalt not cease in ỳ seat, allammed in the text
Or the height of the heate neerest the Winter,
No taile of the tearme will I thée tell.
But Chastitie the Chiftaine of their chiefe wrongs,
Or in the height of the Harueft, heard of thy selfe,
Shall wicked weirds vndoe, and to the right.
And this ere I wist. I wakened anone:
Thourh I write as it was, wist I it not.

¶ The Prophecie of MERLING.

IT is to fall, when they it finde,
That sell on face, is faine to flée.
That commed are of strodlings strinde,
Waning through the worke of winde:
The Beare his mussell shall vpbinde,
And neuer after bound shalbe:
Away the other shall wane with winde,
And as they come so shall they flée.

Spee

Syce shall vp, and Sinke shall vnder:
The dead shall rise, and worke great wonder:
And joye shall rise to man and wife:
The sorrowfull shall still of strife.
All men shall joye of his resurrection,
And inspeciall men of Religion.
The Morter is ready, the Pestell also:
The sause shalbe bitter, and that to his foe.
And the Deuils also shall helpen to.
Then the banks of Beill shall bloome all about:
Then hie thée Hurcheon to Hales & close thée therin
Thou shalbe werped with a wind, & plucked ilk pen.
Shall neuer doun on thy skin, nor birs bée thée left,
The thunder shall worke thy hold to the colde earth
Shal neuer stone vpon stone, nor ground bée thée left
And so that wretched worke is destroyed for euer.
There shall a Galyart Goate with a golden horn
A Pilledow, with a Toade, such a prime hold,
With their Peares in a place by a Streame side:
To striue with ẏ Stream, but they no strẽgth haue.
For their mooing they méete in the mid way,
All the groomes shall grounch by the way side,
And many bairns shal haue his bych on the bakside
And that maruell shall fall by a Firth side:
Where the leader of the land shall his life lose.
But that bargaine shall brew in a bare Burgh,
That shall banish from blisse many bright helme.
When it is brieued on his back, & his briefe known
Of dumbe Organes dight then may thou wel déem
Of all the weil & the wealth before then was wroght
With hunger and heirship on euery hill.
Yet this wicked world shall last but a while:

While

While a Christane vnchosen chose forth himselfe,
And ride ouer the Region, and for Roy holden:
Then his scrutifiers shal skale al the fair South,
From Dumbarton to Douer, and deal al the Lands.
Hée shalbée Kid Conquerour, for hée is kind Lord,
Of al Britane that bounds to the broad Sea:
The cõquelling shalbée képed, & neuer cõquell after
By the coast yée shal know when ỳ Knight coms
Hée hes a mark in ỳ middle, wher nomã may know:
When hée is set in the East, where the Sun riseth:
Hée hes a signe shal shew on the South side.
Signum venenosi sanguinis de ventre matris sux,
Al Wales I wis, shal wend with that Roy,
For to worke his will, where hée thinke would,
Guiane, Gaskoigne, and Britane the blyth,
Shall buske to his bidding on their best wise:
The whole men wil helpe in his most right.
Then shal he turne into Tuskane but trety or true,
And busk him ouer ỳ moũtains on mid winter euen
And then goe to Rome, and rug downe the walles,
And ouer al the Region Roy shalbe holden.
Oft this booke haue I seene, and better thereafter,
Of Perueilous Merling, but it is wasted away,
With a wicked woman, woe might she be.

¶ The Prophecie of Bertlington.

When the Ruby is raised, rest is there none,
But much rancour shal rise in Riuer & Plain
Much sorrow is seene through a Sleuth-hound,
That beares hornes on his head like a wyld Hart:
Then a Broch shal make a braid on a broad field,
And a Hound shal beare aback with a brim face:

The

The slouthful Slouth-hound shal slay him for euer,
Through a treaty of a true, a traine shalbe made,
That Scotland shal rue, and England for euer:
For ỳ which Glaidsmor & Gouanmor gapes therat
Then shal the banks of Bell blom al about. (ter.
Then hye thée Hurcheon to Hales, & close thée therin
Thou shalbe warped with a wind, & plucked ilk pen
Shal neuer doun on thy skin, nor birs be thée left:
A Thunder shal worke thy hold to the cold earth:
Shal neuer stone vpon stone, en ground bée thée left
And so this wretched beast is destroyed for euer.
When faith fails in Prelates sawes,
And Temporal Lords wil hold new Lawes,
And Lechery holden for privy solace,
And réfe holden from good purches.
When Rome is diuided in two parts,
And euery Priest hath the Popes power:
Then shal the Land of Albany
Bé put to great perplexity,
Man sinne forthinke, and misse amend,
Dread GOD, doe Law, thinke on the end.
Betwixt Temptallon and the Walle,
Thou shalt sée a right faire sight,
Of Barges and Bellingars, and many broad Sail,
With 3. Libberts & the Flowdelice hye vpon hight
And so the dreadful Dragon shal rise from his den,
And from the déep doughtily shal draw to the height.
Of Bruces left side shal spring out a leafe,
As neare as the ninth degrée:
And shalbé clémed of faire Scotland:
In France far beyond the Sea:
And then shal come againe riding.

With

With eyes that many men may ſée,
At Aberlady hée ſhall light.
With hempen halters, and horſe of tré,
On Gosford greene it ſhalbe ſéene,
On Glaidſmore ſhall the battell bé.
Now Albanie thou make thée bowne,
At his bidding bé thou prompt,
Hé ſhall deale both Towre and Towne,
His gifts ſhall ſtand for euermore.
Then boldly bowne thée thereafter.
Upon a broade more a battell ſhall bé,
Beſide a ſtob Croſſe of ſtone,
Which on the more ſtands hie.
It ſhalbé clearly clad ouer with corps of Knights,
That the Crow may not find where the croſſe ſtood:
Many wife ſhall wépe, and Syre ſhall vnder:
The dead ſhall riſe, and that ſhalbe wonder,
And rape him rudely in his ſhire ſhield,
For the great comfort of a new King.
Now hie thée Powok, with thy prowd ſhowes,
Take thy part of the Pelfe when the Packe opens:
It ſhall not bé Glaidſmore by the Sea,
It ſhalbé Glaidſmore where euer it bé.
And the little Lowne that ſhalbé
Is betwixt the Lowmond and the Sea:
And well is the man in all his life,
That hath a Cote-houſe into Fyfe.
And yet once ſhall come the day,
Hé would the Cotehouſe were away.

And there ſhall come a Hound out of the South,
With him a rayment of Katches ruled right:
And actor for the keinly ſhall hé come,

And

And in Fyfe ſhall fight, and the field win:
Yet ſhall a Northerne ſlaw faile him for euer,
And kill him to confuſion, and returne neuer.
An Eagle then ſhal come out of the North,
With a flock of Birds fair at the fight:
Which ſhall make many fot founder and fall.
Then ſhal a Ghoſt come out of the Weſt,
With him a faire menye:
Vpon the Eagle make him bowne:
But hée ſo nye then ſhal hée flée.
I cannot tell you what hée height:
A Baſtard trow I beſt hée bée.
His name ſhal not bée expremed as now,
For hée was gotten with a Lady in priuity.
His doughty déed is without all doubt,
Shal comfort all his company.
How euer it happen for to fall,
The Lyon ſhalbée Lord of all.
The French wife ſhall beare the ſonne,
Shal weild all Britane to the Sea:
And from the Bruces blood ſhall come,
As neare as the ninth degrée.
Marueilous Perling, that many men of telles,
And Thomas ſayings comes all at once:
Though their ſayings bée ſelcouth, they ſhalbée ſouth (found:
And there ſhall all our glading bée,
The Crow ſhall ſit vpon a ſtone,
And drinke the gentle blood ſo frée:
Take of the ribs, and beare to her birds:
As GOD hath ſaid, ſo muſt it bée.
Then ſhal Ladies Lads wed,
And bracke Caſtles and Towers hie.

Beid hath brieued in his booke, and Banester also,
Marueilous Merling, and all accordes in one:
Thomas the True, that neuer spake false,
Consents to their saying, & the same term hes taken
Yet shal there come a kéne knight ouer the salt sea:
A kéne man of courage, and bolde man of armes:
A Dukes sonne doubled, a borne man in France,
That shal our mirths amend, & mend al our harme
After ỳ date of our Lord 1513. & thrise thrée therafter,
Which shall brooke all the broade Yle to himselfe.
Betwixt xiii. and thrise thrée the thræp shalbée ended
The Saxons shall neuer recouer after.
He shalbe crowned in the kith, in the castle of Doner
Which weares the golden garland of Julius Cesar
More worship shall hée win, of greater worth,
Than euer Arthur himselfe had in his dayes:
Many doughty déedes shall hée doe thereafter,
Which shalbée spoken of many dayes better.

¶ The Prophecie of Thomas Rymer.

STill on my wayes as I went,
Out through a Land, beside a lée,
I met a beirne vpon the way,
Me thought him sémely for to sée.
I asked him wholly his intent:
God Sir, if your will bée,
Since that yée bide vpon the Bent,
Some vncouth tydings tell you mee:
When shall all these Marres be gone?
That leile men may liue in lee:
Or when shall Falsehood goe from home?
And Laughty blow his horne on hie?

I asked

I loked from me not a mile,
and saw two Knights vpon a lee:
They were armed seemely new.
Two Creses on their breasts they bare,
And they were clad in diuerse hew:
Of sundrie Countreys as they were.
The one was red as any blod,
Set in his Shield a Dragon keene:
He stird his Steed as he were mad,
With crabbed words sharpe and keene,
Right to the other beirne him by.
His Horse was all of Siluer sheene,
His Shield was shaped right seemely:
In it a Ramping Lyon keene,
Seemely into Golde was set:
His bordour was of Azure sheene,
With Silke and Sable well was plet.
I loked from me ouer a Greene,
And saw a Lady on a lee:
That such a one had I neuer seene,
The light of her shined so hie,
Attour the More whereat she rode,
The fields me thought faire and greene.
She rode vpon a Steed full stoute,
That such a one had I seldome seene.
Her Steed was whits as any milke,
His toppe, his taile, were both full blak:
A syde Saddle sowed with Silke,
As al were Golde, it glittered so.
His Harnessing was of Silke of Inde,
Set with Precious Stones free:
He ambled on a noble kinde.

Upon her head ſtod Crowns thrée,
Her Garment was of Gowles gay,
But other colour ſaw I none.
A flying Fowle then I ſaw,
Light beſide her on a ſtone:
A Can into her hand thée bare,
And holy water thée had ready:
Shée ſprinkled the field both héere and there,
Said, Hære ſhall many dead corps lye.
At yon bridge, vpon yon Burne,
Where the water runs bright and ſhéene:
There ſhall many Steeds ſpurne,
And Knights die through Battels héene.
To the two Knights then did thée ſay,
Let bée your ſtrife, my Knights frée,
Yée take your Horſe, and ride your way:
As GOD hath ordained, ſo muſt it bée:
Saint Andrew thou haſt the bight,
Saint George thou art my owne Knight:
Thy wrongous heires ſhall worke thée woe.
Hold are they on their wayes gone,
The Lady and the Knights two:
To that Beirne then can I ment,
And aſked tydings by my fey,
What kind of light was that, I ſaid,
Thou ſhewedſt to mée vpon yon lée?
Or, wherefrom came thoſe Knights two?
They ſéemed of a far Countrey.
That Lady that I let thée ſée,
That is the Quéene of Heauen ſo bright:
The Fowle that flew by her knée,
That is Saint Michael, much of might:

The

The Knights two, the field to fa,
Where many men in field shall fight:
Know you well, it shalbée so,
That die shall many a gentle Knight.
With death shall many doughty deale,
The Lords shalbée then away.
There is no Harret that can tell,
Who shall win the field that day.
A crowned King in armis thée,
Under the Banner shalbée set:
Two false and feined shalbée,
The third shall fight, and make great let.
Banners fiue againe shal shine,
And come in on the other side:
The white Lyon shall beate them downe,
And worke them woe, with wounds wide.
The Beares head with the red Lyon,
So séemely into red Gold set,
That day shall slay the King with Crowne:
Though many Lords make great let,
There shall attour the water of Forth,
Set in Gold the read Lyon.
And many Lords out of the North,
To that Battell shall make them bowne.
There shall Crescents come full kéene,
That weares the Crosse as red as blood.
On euery side shalbée sorrow séene:
Defouled is many doughty food,
Beside a Lake, vpon a lée,
They shall assemble vpon a day,
And many doughty men shall die,
Few in quiet shalbée found away.

Our Scottish King shal come ful kéene,
The red Lyon beareth hée:
A feddered Arrow sharpe I wéene,
Shal make him winke, and warre to sée.
Out of the Fielde hée shalbée ledde,
When hée is bloodie, and woe for blood:
Yet to his men shal hee say,
For GODS loue you turne againe,
And giue these Southerne folke a Fraye:
Why should I loose? the right is mine,
My date is not to die this day.
Yonder is falsehoode fledde away,
And Laughtie blowes his horne on hie:
Our bloodie King that weares the Crowne,
Full boldly shal hée battel bide,
His banner shalbée beaten downe,
And hath no hole his head to hide.
The Sternes thrée that day shal die,
That beares the Hart in Siluer shéene:
There is no Riches, Golde, nor Fée,
May lengthen his life an houre I wéene.
Thus through the fielde that Knight shall ride,
And twise reskew the King with Crowne.
Hée wil make many a banner yéelde.
The Knight that beares the Tods thrée,
Hée wil by force the fielde to tae:
But when hée sées the Lyon die,
Thinke yée wel hée wil bée wae.
Beside him lights beirnes thrée,
Two are white, the thirde is blae.
The Tods thrée shall slay the two,
The thirde of them shal make him die.

Out

Out of the fielde shal goe no more,
But one knight and knaues thre.
There comes a banner red as blood,
In a Shippe of Siluer shene.
With him comes many ferly fode,
To worke the Scots much hurt and woe.
There comes a Ghoste out of the West,
Is of another Language than he:
To the battle bownes him best.
As sone as he the Senyour can se,
The Ratches workes them great wanrest.
Where they are raped on a le:
I cannot tell who hath the best,
Each one of them makes other die.
A white Swan set into blae,
Shal semble from the South Sea,
To worke the Northerne folke great wae.
For know you well, thus shal it be,
The Staikes aught with Siluer set,
Shal semble from the other side:
Til he and the Swan be met.
They shal worke woe with wounds wide.
Through wounds wide, their weds hath wet,
So boldly wil their beirns bide.
It is no recke who gets the best,
They shal both die in that same tide.
There comes a Lord out of the North,
Riding vpon an Horse of Tre,
That braad lands hath beyond Forth:
The white Hinde beareth he.
And two Ratches that are blew,
Set into Golde that is so fre.

That day the Eagle shall him slay,
And then put vp his Banner hie.
The Lord that beares the Losans three,
Set into gold, with Gowles two:
Before him shall a battell bee:
Hee weares a banner that is blew,
Set with Peacock tails three:
And lusty Ladies heads two,
Unlaine of one. each other shalbee:
All through griefe together they goe,
I cannot tell who wins the gree:
Each one of them shall other slay,
The Eagle gray set into greene,
That wears the Harts heads three:
Out of the South hee shall bee seene,
To light and ray him on a lee,
With Lv. Knights that are keene,
And Earles either two or three,
From Carlel shall come be deene,
Againe shall they it neuer see,
At Pinkin Cleugh there shalbe spilt,
Much gentle blod that day.
There shall the Beare lose the gylt,
And the Eagle beare it away,
Before the water man calles Tyne.
And there ouer lyes a bridge of stone,
The Beares three loses the gee.
There shall the Eagle win his name.
There comes a beast out of the West,
With him shall come a faire manye:
His banner hath bene seldome seene:
A bastard trow I best he be:

Gotten

Gotten with a Lady sheene,
With a Knight in p̃iuity.
His armes are full eath to know,
The red Lyon beares he.
That Lyon shall forsaken be:
And he right glad to flee away,
Into an Orchard on a lee,
With Herbs greene and allies gay:
There will he inlaked be.
His men sayes, harmesay,
The Eagle puts his banner on hie,
And sayes, the field he won that day.
There shall the Lyon ly full still,
Into a Valley faire and bright:
A Lady shouts with words shrill,
And sayes, Woe worth thee coward Knight,
Thy men are slaine vpon yon hill,
To dead are many doughty dight.
Thereat the Lyon likes ill,
And raises his banner hie on hight:
Vpon the Moore that is so gray,
Beside an headlesse Crosse of stone:
There shall the Eagle die that day,
And the red Lyon win the Name.
The Eagles three shall lose the gree,
That they haue had this many a day:
The red Lyon shall win renowne,
Win all the field and beare away:
One Crow shall come, another shall goe,
And drinke the gentle blood so free.
When all these ferlies were away,
Then saw I none, but I and he:

Then

Then to the beirne couth I say,
Where dwels thou? or in what Countrey?
Or who shall rule the yle Britane,
From the North to the South Sea?
A French Wife shall beare the Sonne,
Shal rule al Britane to the Sea:
That of the Bruces blood shal come,
As neare as the ninth degrée.
I stained fast, what was his name?
Whence that hée came? from what Countrey?
In Erlingtowne, I dwell at home,
Thomas Rymer men cals mée.

¶ The Prophecie of WALDHAVE.

VPon London Law alone as I laye,
Loking to the Lennor, as mée licke thought:
The first morning of May, Medicine to séke,
For malice and melodie, that moued mée sore.
I lyed downe, and leaned mée, and lisked wel séepe,
Upon the height of an Hill, as the boyce bad.
And as I lyed downe, and heilded mine eyes,
So heard I an hoarse boyce, and an hie crie,
That bad me, Waldhaue beware, & me well kéepe,
For feare of a Wilde Beast, that his weird dreis.
Therwith I stonish, and stood, and start on my séete,
And stained mée on euery side, as the boyce bad.
Then I loked but let, lightlie mée frae,
And saw an Hirsall in hie, of haires together,
An hundreth, I hope, well whollie there was:
Then of Foxes, a flocke, fullie fiue score:
Al folowing on a fierce beast, that rudely them chast
That was al wood through weird woefull to sée.

Right

Right ragged, and rent, and riuen in pieces.
A battle wͤ like bastoun, he bare on his broad luses,
Like a brimful beirne, battel to make.
He thought to effray, and them fast pressed,
As he in folde would them fang, firme at his wil:
But when hee saw me with sight, soone he them left,
And when he shundered away, no more I them saw.
Then groaning grimlie, hee girt to mee soone,
As Gerret the great shrew had done for the nonce.
He strucke fast with his staffe, and stonisht mee sore:
But I keeped him by Christ, with a keene weapon,
That was my sword, til I swet, swinging me about
And a Buckler wel broade, that keeped mee best.
So freshlie hee forced mee Meate for to make,
That he shundered on the folde, & his feet snappered:
The bastoun on the bent sore brased him frae,
And I but baid on his breast, bowned my selfe,
All grousslings on the ground graciouslie him held.
Throgh grace of ẏ Great God, that had me warned
Hee yelped, hee yalmered, and youled lowde,
And strugled fast his strength, and strucke vpon loft
But I helde him by the haire, as mine hap was,
And height to hurt him full sore, but he him stil held.
And conjured him by Christ, and his Mother deare,
That he should shew to me his kith and his kin.
But long was it that he lay ere he speaks might:
And at the last he can leaue, and lightlie he said,
Waldhaue, wit thou, that wel hath thee hapned:
Thou thought not ẏ thy weird this wroght shold be
But let me rise of this race, and rest thee beside:
And I shall readily, without ryot, thee meruels tell:
Great grace hast thou gotten, that got me this time.

I shall

I shall grieue thee no more, so is thy grace turned.
But yet I trusted not his tale whil he his truth gaue
By the law and the lead, that he liued on.
That I sure should be, and safe, and no euill betide.
Then let I him rise, and leaned on his shoulder,
And great maruell of his face, and his forme had.
He was formed like a freik all his foure quarters:
And then his chin and his face haired so thick,
With haire growing so grim, fearfull to see.
I feained at him foremost, the feare of himselfe.
Why his figure and his face was so fearce made?
If weary of the world? or what him ailed?
He girned, he gasped, and groaned full sore:
Wept with his gray eyes. And suddenly he said,
God game all the way, is as GOD will:
For he is grieued through my guilt. & I no grace ser-
My wild wanton will, and my mis deeds, (ued.
I may know of all woe, and my weird alas,
Because of my sinne, that I serued euer,
Hath this sorrowe, and this sight sent vnto mee:
By trouble of my kin, that I am off come.
Hath me turned in this care, and carefull me made:
That I haue no hope of helpe, so helpe me our Lord
While he that put me in griefe once grace send.
Feaine thou no further of my fortlets,
Of other works, as I wot, aske if thou likes:
Thy etling thou aske may, for answere I shall,
In Woods and Wildernes, where many wayes lies
That I hearkned and heard, I height thee to say,
Then frowned I fearcely of this feinole world:
What to be of warre, if he will ought?
Or who should weld vs in this world, ȳ sorrow vries.

To

To giue vs of good will, and get vs to peace?
If there is fruits in this world, ẏ so much worth is?
Should haue fusion on force, and any faire after?
And then he looked to the groũd & wept al a while
And he groaned for griefe: weeping he said,
Much anger and euill hath this Yle choosed,
All through Oggered and Cist, and Eluines Knight
Brutus thy bairntime hes much bail chosen,
Since first in Britane to leind thou was brought:
Sicknes and sorrow, and sorenes set with syth,
When thou sembled to the Sea, vnder saile sound:
Norroway hath neddered them, & to neede brought:
That hath newed their names, & named themselues
English, that are East food, and Edryans bairns.
But al the anger that they make, their own shalbe:
That woeful Westmoorland, woe mot thee betide:
For thou with warre, and thy wrong bairns,
When thou mels with ẏ Pers, & mixed with ẏ same
Much malice and mischiefe thou made for thy selfe:
Beirns and banners thou brought vpon loft,
With burning and bail hath wrought sorrow.
Carlile, thy Captains, hath much woe wrought:
Thou shalt cõpelled bée wẽ care, ẏ thinks it but litle
They shal thy gates yarn, thou yarns not therafter:
Thou shalt valmur & yel, that al York shal it heare:
Then the Towne shalbée tint, trow thou not els:
Thy tops and thy turnats tumbled to the ground.
So false Fortune so fel, hes thée at féed,
That force shall faile thée, when thou best thinkest,
And lipnis on London, to lead thee for euer.
On Linton and Lindsay, and Lancaster shyres,
There shal a Lyon bée lowsed that a Lord is,

Both

Both of London and of Lorne, as the Law will.
He shall alleadge to the Lied, and the Law make:
Leaue nought vpon loft, but waste them for euer.
All the strengths of the coast, and Castles euery one
He shal inclose them to his crown, & ouer them come
Burgane and Bamburgh, as he by rides.
And Butlings beat it downe, and burne it for euer.
The water shal welcom him, & the waue of the Sea,
While he haue won in hie all that he thinks.
Through this truth vpon Tweed, shalbe turned after
If who will count the time of the yeere,
If euen by ecking the houre, and the day come,
And angered for euermore, this old men deuises.
Needlesse thou Norhame for nought that thou lokest
There is a Neker in the North thy Nest shal destroy:
thou shalbe wasted of thy works for thy wrõg deeds
There shal no warrand thee weire that ỹ winkst at.
A black Bear, and a Brock, and a Bull head. (ter:
A Boare Whelpe, with a Brocke, and a broad head
Shal thẽ boun in their bours, & bear thẽ doun forsuth
And build them vp their walles, as they best thinke.
Red Rorburgh thy role, and reddie thee boune,
Thy rote is now raised vp, and rotten in sunder:
Three Rauens and a Rocke shal on thy rocke sit.
And rolpe rudely shal they, that Rome shal it heare.
From Ros to Roldeene was that right may be,
Reddie the Rescours. thou rests no more.
For it is but reason the right & Rentes be gathered.
What Jangelst ỹ Jedburgh? thou Jages for nought
There shall a guilefull grome dwell thee within,
The Towre that thou trusts in as the trueth is,
Shalbe traced with a trace, trow thou none other.

The

The New Castell is keene, keeped full well,
Thereto take ye good heed, nor come not therein:
A Bird with an hand Bow shall the heird keepe,
Bie in an Holine, and in an haire wood.
Both his horns shal be hang, & haste him therewith.
Dresse thée now Dumbar, and doe for the time,
Thou hast a dread for the Drake, ý thée droun wold
Thine héeles are so hard set, with halmers of stéele,
Well heauie therefore, holde thée full still.
The new worke, that is nert on the North streame,
Shal cast a blinck to ý Bas: when the blinck shines
Bée it guided with wit, and will bée not waister,
There shall no waister it weild, nor none euill doer.
Hailles, holde thée at home, so holde I it best:
For hap thou to Halidoune, thou art hurt for euer:
There is an Hurcheon in an Hurst, in Heriot more
Hath marred the Pyesnap in Pinto Craiges:
That hath Mansions mowed Maugre of his téeth.
Dirlton and Dailkyth, they dread no more eis,
But the Downe & the Dow, that the Drake leads:
The Dragon they droun wold, but deuise of France
Doeth for them doughtily, as he hath done euer:
Edinburgh at Olde Craige is angered full sore,
For the awe of the Erne, that in the East builes.
Hée hath a Falcons feire, that in farre Landes,
Bath his feddering & his flight, & his flight gathered
Needelesse they nope them, that is for nought.
For they neuer in the Nest shal nourish their Birds.
Striueling, that strait place, a strength of ý land,
Why w Strabrok Strathern strines thou to parne
When Strabogie shall destroy all the Striaberies:
The strads of Strabrok shal stream them with blod
Thrée

Thre Storks in a stall shal stand them before,
Stuffed all in stele wed, al on Horse backe:
Their stoutnes shal stint, and stonish themselues,
For strokes so stieue shal stint them within.
Doe now Dunbarton, while thy dayes last:
A wretched cloud in the West, as Elders thee call:
For thou art in a Craig, thou now care dreads.
Beare thee well to Bothwel, and build it vp all.
Then Crawford & Cumnok, with clen men of arms
Let not lightly the lois leap out of Town:
For thou art Lord of the lands, & a new Alban King.
To Dowglas now do wel, and it deare hold:
For Dowglas the doughty, may indure wel.
Deale the best of the Lands, that longeth thee to:
Fed them with fairnes, and with faire words.
Fy on the fellowship that hath a false end.
Catiue and curst men are cumbered for euer.
There may no Catiue by Christ this kinred defend
Laughty and largens are two loue things,
He that vs life gaue, loues them well.
Knights and Christen men thereto hed take:
Cast the curst men in care, but they to Christ turne.
Thinke on Dunbarton the bold, in old beirns time,
That thou art but a beld, and in that land chiefe.
Thou shalt take hed to this token that I shal thee tel
Belaue it as truly as it were written:
When the Lowmond law shall its leaue take,
From the land of Lenox, and leaue it for euer:
Leape lightly with loupe, and loke thee about,
And mantel al the Craig with a Tower wal,
With Barges and Ballengers, to rush at the gates
That both Fish and Fowle that on flight goes,

Bee

Bée slitted vp freshly, and faire them within.
Then is Dunbarton burnt all to powder,
And all in a Cloude: the Warre ended for euer.
And if yée faile of this freit after xiv. yéeres,
Yair yée yaiply, and yairne yée no more.
The Castle of Carricke, that on a Craig standes,
Shall crie vpon Cumnok, for a true nest:
That into Clidsdale coast cleueres full fast,
In an Holine so hie, by an Elfe buske.
Then shal ẏ Galloway Grooms get on their Mares
Thrée Tods and a Tersell shall tene all the Woods:
From Tynemouth to Tultie, and bée tole frée:
But a Goshalke of growth shall grieue him then,
And get on a gray Mare, that in grasse rests.
In a gow of Gowrie, by a gray stone,
Hée shall tulie both the Tods, and the fub also:
And with the teind that is taken, turn into France.
Two Wethers and a Wolfe shall the field make,
Betwixt a Yow and a Lambe that leades the flock.
Before Butler the bargane shall begin.
All is it bootelesse his bagges bée ript.
Then shal ẏ Ple of Rosay be rank ful of side bushes
Then each man rewes them, for rueth of his heart,
That would rend from the Roode, and no rest thole.
A Catiue in a Craig shall a Tower build,
And crie on Craig Fergus, the Crawdone is euer,
For a Booke in but, as a Bull horne,
Bound with a bugle blow when hée likes.
A proude Powne in a preis Lordly shall light:
With Piots and Pillidows pulled in the Crowne,
Plaine power of the Pope shall the Powne haue,
To plucke, and to punish, and parte him about.

A Pyot shall partly appeale him againe,
For his parte of the Pelfe, and the Powne wrong:
There shall much sorow and strife stirre them once,
That shal ẏ Sterlings troble, that stirs with wings.
An Hare, with an Hurcheon, and an Hinde Calfe,
Shall hye them in Holy Land, and hold them therin
While a Grayhound them grype, on the Greek sea:
And goe with them grieuously, where him lief likes
There shal no gaming them glee, whil the Grahoūd
Grype the Grahound, and griene him full sore,
And buffet him bitterly, then bite him with warre.
Goe musing vpon Merling more if thou wilt,
For I meane for no more, man at this time.
Then I studdied, stoode, and him helde still:
Then he could sturdily stir with his broad eyes:
But I couth farther fraine, for his fathers soule?
If euer Freicke on this Folde formed himselfe?
That he shold witter me some way, if he wist ought:
What of this world, & this war should after betide?
Then as a Lyon hee looked mee on,
Like as he leepe would, and rent mee in sunder.
He said, Weens thou Waldhaue, I win into heauē?
That I may in this worlde all my wit haue?
No, thou getst that of God, there gaines none other:
To whom he giues the grace, they are of good life.
But this tale that I tell you, ye shall trust it well,
It is a tratling, but trueth, the sooth thee to say.
I mooued into my mind, how the sooth stands.
Muse on as thou may, the matter thou fraines:
Thou sinnes if thou fraines friend farther I tell.
I haue enough Waldhaue, my way for to make,
Here in Wildernesse I dwell, my weird for to dree.

Waldhaue

Waldhaue conjured this Spirit, to shew much more of sundry chinges to come, as followeth.

BVt somewhat shall I say as sooth I heard,
Among sieges vnsound, that ouer sooth is:
Three Paires of the Pers shall marry themselues,
With the Pertrickes of Par, that they much loue.
Those byim Beasts wild, shal byte ful bold,
To baile and to barret, baiens anew.
Then shall be first with the Bucks head,
The other a Bear, that is byim, shal byne much care:
The third a Bull with a Beare that beares hozns,
Hudge and hideous, on enery side high.
These three shal raike and reue in the wild Nozth:
There shal none other ride these ryotous Beasts.
A Cock with a kéne comb shal compasse them with
Al whole the wapes where the land lyes.
With such a creick and a cry shal their kind rise,
That the kinrik be Chzist shalbee combered thereof,
But the happier halfe shal the Cock haue,
Foz hée is higher of head, and hurts the lesse.
These false Lurdans life lasts but a while,
Til iii. Libberts in a ling from London shal come,
And leane toward Lowthian in Linlithgow shire:
Toward Glasgow they goe, graithly thereafter:
Attour the hills where the way lyes,
And on Gouane Mooze graiths them to sléepe.
Then a Lyon, as Lozd, shall leape them among,
And learne them a lesson though they loath thinke.
Fell Falcons in field shal their fey wozth,
And their fozmales so far flémed foz ever.
Then Puruey the Powok with thy proud shawes,
Thou shalt haue part of ỹ Pelf, when ỹ Pak opens.

Then a Chiftan vnchosen shal chose forth himself
And ride through the Realm, and Roy shalbe called
Then shall Wales worthily dwell vpon loft,
And chose them a chiefe Lord of Royalty holden.
Scots heires of Scotland shall skale them ful wide.
In Humber shall bruly, their right for to haue.
Gresson and Godrant, that were great Lords,
They were taylied in that time with vntrue folkes.
Heauen, and euen heires of the Land,
Shall rent them, and rise, and réele in their way.
And noy al ẏ Norowais ẏ hes them wrong wrought
When dead shall rise, and maruels shew,
Looke him fast in face, and none shall him know:
Then the Lillie so liele, with notable beirnes,
Sends Bodwart in Britane, to the beirne bolde,
Bids him blythlie abide in Battell Joynt.
Then a Lyon shall leape lowse out of hands:
The sixth out of Ireland, noblest of déeds.
But when hée is lowse, then rest is there none.
When the Syce is vp, and the Sinke vnder,
Then shall the dead arise, and worke great wonder
Amongst kinde men in kyth kindle shall a care.
There shal a coũsel sit ẏ shal mak whol banks bare.
Then Saxons are set with suttle thoughts,
And proues partly to pricke with pairty faces.
And Wailes werps vp with wonderfull déedes:
And Ireland helps that head to his moste hight:
And al Yorkeshyre shal helpe: proue when he likes.
Hée shall binde him to bide, with beirns anew:
Enter vp at a side, where the Sea filles,
In his owne kind ground, wher that he was borne,
With dignitie and deare men, that him well loues,

For

For to conquest the clear Crown of Englands line.
But al wold fail were not fayes that the tal thinks,
Hée should be subtilly solde, were not Christ would,
That this dolorous date must drive to an end:
And the Wallards blod left is for euer.
Then in Britaine, that day se who so will,
Shall neuer Wallards bracke a foote broad of earth:
Hée shalbée hurled, and harled, and hatked to death,
With a wolf out of Wales, & bring him out of days
And conquest the cleare Crown of Englands right.
Hée shall bring all England into good peace:
While an Hunter shall rise, & reigne in the North:
Rare vp his banners with riotous beirnes.
For safety and supply of Brutes lands,
Much skurt and strife shall stiere awhile,
From the North to the South Sea, who so list:
For when the Towrs of Tozin is tumbled in y land
With hunger, and hard life, and falsehod on loft.

Within vii yeres after great wonders shalbe sèn
By that the Libberts race is sadly at an ende.
Then the Lillie so liele shall leinde in his lands,
And to the Lyon shall get Lordships great:
For the Lyon shall arrive at Carlil.
And leape on the Land, as Lord of the Ground.
Hée shall leinde in the Land, with his liese beirnes,
And lame the Libbert, and lose him for euer,
Shall neuer the Libbert leape one day after,
In bolde Britans, to bracke the date is nére passed.
That King shall deale & parte all the broade lands,
To the Bruces blod, and other bolde Knights.
That shal goe with the way to the wengin of Christ,
In the Vale of Iosaphat sèene shall hée bée:

Where many Saryans shal quake with their harts:
When the dead man shal rise, and shew them a sight
As Merueilous Merling hath said of before.
Take héed to this tale, that I now thée tel,
And trust it as truly as it were true written:
When that Falsehood hath foot, and Fréedom is lost,
And Couetous hath the kyth at his owne wil:
When Laughty is layd low vnder foot,
And Kindnesse is courtesie his friends to beguile:
And no trueth shalbée shewed into Christen lands:
But al bent to deceit, and none trust other,
Not the Father the Sonne in his bodily oathes:
Holy Kirke shal haue no girth, but plainly ouertur-
And Lechery on loft, and none spare other: (ned,
And each blood with other knittes together,
The Law of our Sauiour is quite forgotten.
This is a true talking that Thomas of telles,
That the Hare shal hirple on the hard stone,
In hope of grace, but grace gets shée none.
Then Glaidsmoore and Gouane shal gape therafter
Thinke not long on this losse, for it is neare hand.
When the Lamb is lowse, ẏ the Holy Kirke kéepes,
Then Falsehood is set in Séeges of Rome,
And works for the warrand that the cur wan:
Many Séeges shal sigh within short time after,
And many maruels shalbée séene within short time.
When the mouth of Arran the top hath ouerturnd
Then shal Dunbarton mel of old done déeds:
And so shal Arran hop in a new mans hands,
In hope of Dunbar, when Haills shall hault.
When the Hunter shal come with his kind Ratches
Hunt Fothericke and Fyfe, and the fielde win.
When

When Sommer is Winter, and Winter is lyke
With warping wind and tempest great:
Then Falsehod is ready his friend to beguile,
With hunger and heirship ouer al the broad lands,
Then shal the poore people be spilled ful neare.
The Lord with the luckin hand is brought out of days
Subtilly his life shall lose, and many a other,
And many doughty shall die for that deed:
And many Lord in the North shall their life lose,
For couetous and treason them loses the land,
Many a Wife & Maiden shal wring both their hands
Before this wicked war be brought to an ende.
The first rote of this war shall rise in the North,
That the Iles & Ireland shal mourne for them both
And the Saxons sealled into Brutes landes.
When the Pon is dark in the first of the number
With foure Crescents to eke forth the dayes:
And thrise ten, is selcouth to see:
With an L. to lowse out the rest of the number.
Syne let thee and two Threips as they will.
This is the true date that Merling of tells,
And gaue to King Uter Arthurs father.
And for to men and muse with these merry words.
For once Britane shalbe in a new Knights hands.
Who so hap to bide shall see with his eyes,
As Merling and Waldhane haue said of before,
And true Thomas tolde in his time after:
And Saint Beid in his Boke brieued the same.
Mute on, if ye may, for misser ye haue,
I shall giue you a token, that Thomas of telles:
When a Lad with a Lady shall goe ouer the fields,
And manie faire thing weping for dread,

For loue of their deare friends, lies looking on hilles
That it shalbe wo for to tel the tiend of their sorow.
Then shall bée wasted their chiefe Landes.
Where God curses wt his mouth, dead must folow.
Now wot thou Waldhaue, my will is way to passe,
To Wood and Wildernesse, where my way lyes.
Then is the Libberts thrée lamed for euer:
And the Lyon shall bée Lord, and leader forsooth,
And all Britane the Broade shall him bow toe,
And his barnage bolde shall him blisse kéepe.
Then shall fruite well, and fashion of Corne,
If fréedome and friendship his fyance bée holden.
Cry ye Christen men on Christ, & honour our King,
Of all cures and cares in this cost angers.
And thus he sundered me fra, I frained no longer
But I maruelde fast at his faire head.
I studied right stablely, all stonisht thereof.
That I winked ere I wist, & wrought vpon sléepe.
And when I wakened, written I found,
All these words on Warre wanted there none,
Brieued on a broade booke, and on my breast layde.
Blessed bée the Briener, that the Booke wrote.
Then can I make me to muse, & melling therewith.
The first Morning of May, this maruell I saw,
As I lay mine alone on Lowdoun Law.
Looking to the Lennox, as mée liefe thought.

¶ The Prophecie of GILDAS.

WHen holy Kirke is wracked, & will hes no wit,
And Pastors are pluckt, & pilde without pitie:
When Idolatrie is in Ens, and Re,
And Spirituall Pastors are vexed and away,
And all Estates in sight are vnknowne,
Because of their clothing cunning or craft,

Spiritually suspended, subuerted, and suspected:
Denying their duety to God, and their debt:
Promped vp like Princes, as the Peacock proude:
Refusing their Religion, and their right rule.
Then in the North a wicked winde shall blowe,
That al the Realme shall rue right soone thereafter.
The Grahound shalbe grieued, & driuen at vnder,
And tramped for his trueth, to whom he kept trust.
The kindest of his kyth shall not him knowe:
But him & his misknow, that euer they neuer knew
Then shall manie ferlie fall right soone after,
And from Caithnes to Douer shall walke but war:
And mourne for his misfortune, that failed so soone.
But better mourne for thēselues, for néed they haue
Hales, when thou haltest, hirple not, but holde thée:
If thou speakest where ẏ spok, it shal able skald thée.
The barred Lyon lawlesse at thée shalbée grieued,
Shall search and séeke thée, to destroy thée for euer.
Yet shal a beirne from Barwick buske him & bown,
And search ẏ treading of trewes that wer afore tane
By the héedlesse people, that held at their own hand,
The Holdes whole, and the Heards had destroyed.
Reason shalbée sought, and granted shalbée none:
The mouers thereof shal mene, and may not mend.
Then shal ẏ Counsel, which combered hath the kyth
Call for comfort, but long may they craue:
They marked to the highest, and to ouerhale the old:
But all in vaine they worke, they shall not preuaile.
They shall worke vnwise, and wit shall they lacke.
Then waried their weird, ẏ euer they war wroght.
Then shall the Ratches in this Region rake,
And runne their race rudelie but anie returne.
The best of the kyth shal crie for support:

But scarse shal they rise, they shalbe so sweire.
The Hound which was harmed, then misled shalbe:
Who loued him worst, shal wepe for his wracke.
Yet shal a Whelpe rise, out of the same race,
That rudely shal raire, and rule the whole North:
And quite the whole quarrel of olde dedes done.
Though he from his Holde be kept backe awhile,
The Cocke dare not crowe, though it be his kinde:
But kepe himselfe close, while come shal his time.
Prepare thee Edinburgh, and packe vp thy packes:
Thou shalt be left voyde bee thou liefe or loath,
Because thou art variant, and fleemed thy faith:
Through Enuy & couetousnes, y combered thee euer
True Thomas mee tolde in a troublesome time,
In an Harueft Morning at Eldoune hilles.

¶ The Prophecie of the English Chronicles.

THere shall proceed a holy Heremite in King Eltridus time: in this maner in the book of King Henry the 6 saying, These Englishmen, forasmuch as they vse to drunkennes, treason, & carelesnes of Gods house: First by the Danes, then by the Normans, & the third time by the Scots, that they holde the most wretches, & the least worth of all other. They shalbe ouercome & vincult. Then the world shalbe vnstable.

¶ The Prophecie of Sybilla and Eltraine.

WHen y Goat with y gilde horn is chosen to y sea.
Thenext yere thereafter Glaidsmore shall be:
Who so likes for to reade:
Marueilous Merling and Beid,
In this manner they shal proceede.
Of things vnknowne,
The trueth now to recorde,
And that from the date of our Lord,
Though that it be thowne.

Take

Take a thousand in calculation,
And the longest of the Lyon:
Foure Crescents vnder one Crowne,
With Saint Andrewes Crosse thrise:
Then threescore, and thrise three.
Take heede to Perling truelie:
Then shal the Warres ended bee,
And neuer againe rise.

In that yeere there shal a King,
A Duke, and no crowned King,
Because the Prince shalbe young.
And tender of yeeres.
Much sorrow and strife,
Shalbe in Lowthian and Fyfe,
Through the Fulmarts false teares.
The Mandragill Moldiwarte,
Through the supply of the fained Hart,
And the launcing of the Libbert,
Linked in a laice:
In Fyfe and Lowthian shel land,
With many Bow, Bill, and brand,
And burne and slay all from hand,
Without any grace.

Then comes the Anthelope,
The blinde Moldiwarpe to slop:
With many Senyoures in a lop,
Forth of all airtes.
The Lyon ramping at the Roys,
With the Prompe, and Papingoys:
And many Knights for to cloyes,
Shall come from the South.

The sadled Horse shalbe seene,
Tyed to a Tree greene: And

And with anila la fine
In a bage ſhall bée bozne:
Sine two ſhips in a ſhield,
That day ſhall fwt the field.
To bée the Anthelops bield,
And fetch him befozne.
The Beares head, and the Bzocke,
The Beame, and the blodie yoke:
Thzée Creſcentes, and a Cocke,
Shall come from the Nozth.
They ſhall come to the bzoyle,
And Knightes kéenelie ſhall toyle,
Foz loue of the Sinkefoyle.
And fight vpon Fozth.
When the Battels drawes neare,
In their ſight ſhall appeare,
A Nauie of men of Warre:
Appzoaching at hand.
Then put their men in ozdinance,
With fiue hundzeth Knights of France,
And a Duke, them to aduance,
To bée in the Vanguarde.
And to the Anthelope ſhall lieud,
And take him eaſilie to friend.
Then the Libbert ſhall bée tiend,
And deſperate of bliſſe.
Scots and French ſhall take a part,
With a pzoude haitrent heart:
And ſhall vpon the Woldewart,
Ere they diſſeuer.
His Bowe to him ſhall bée no bielde,
All his Knightes ſhall bée kilde:
Himſelfe is ſlain in the field, And

And vincust for euer.
Thus shall the Warres ended bée.
Then Peace and Policie,
Shall reigne in Albanie,
Still without ende.
And who so likes to looke,
The description of this Booke,
This writes Beid, who will looke,
And so doeth make an ende.

¶ Here followeth a Prophecie pronounced by a noble Queene and Matron, called Sibylla, Regina Austri, That came to Salomon. Through the which she compiled four books, at the instance and request of the said king Salomō and others diuers, And the fourth booke was directed to a noble king, called Baldwin, king of the broad Ile of Britane. Of the which shee maketh mention of two noble Princes and Emperoures, the which is called Leones of these two shall subdue and ouercome all earthly Princes to their Diademe and Crowne; and also bee glorified and crowned in the Heauen among Sainctes. The first of these two is Constantinus Magnus, that was Leprosus, the son of Sainct Helene, that found the Crosse. The second is the sixth King of the name of Steward of Scotland, the which is our most noble King.

BRITANE.

IN Scotland shall reigne the most noble and valiant Chiftan that euer was: full of wisdome and policie: cruel in Justice as a Lyon, and fearce. He shalbe méek as a Lambe: but somewhat inclined to fragility of his flesh. In his time shalbe great justice & peace. But alas for sorow: for by treasō he shalbe destroyed. This lamb shall make many good houses, and faire places: he shal take great aduenturous trauels: and a little before his death he shall haue war with thē ẏ shold be his triēds: and he shall get victory ouer them. But by falset of his owne,

d'one, hée shalbe drawne to a place of Battel, where he shall get great discomfort, by the which hee shall die. Therefore alas for sorowe of his line, which shalbée in great trouble. And after him there shalbe a Chiftan of the kith vnstable as the wind, wauering as the waues of the sea. In his time shal ỳ Church tremble as an aspin leaf, and great trouble in al maner of estates: but it shal not long last. Also the Wolf shal rise against him, out of the Northwest, and make him great trouble: but he shal not preuail: for by the help of the Wolfs brother and the Fox, the Wolf shalbe slain by a water side: and some after there shal come out of the North a Dragon and a Wolfe, the which shalbee the helpe of the Lyon: and bring the Realm to great rest and peace with glorie: with the most ioye and triumph, that the like was neuer séene these many yeres before: For by the sweet smell of the Lillie and the Floiredeluce, there shall a Chiftane of the kith chose south himselfe: stable as a stone: stedfast as the Chrystall: firme as the Adamant: true as the Stéele: immaculat as the Sun: without al treason: he shal sail on the sea, with wals on euery side: and that with al glory & ioy to deliuer the kith out of al thraldom and dolour: For he shalbe strong as ỳ Wolf: wise as the Serpent: humble as the Lambe: simple as ỳ Doue: victorious as the Lyon: Prince of Iustice: the weal of this Nation: he shal bind his tail with the red Dragon, and accompany him with the Lyon: these iii. shal rise against the Poldiwarp, the which is cursed of God. This Poldiwarp shal haue an earthly skin as a Goat: the vengeance of God shal fall vpon him for sin, & the suffering of the great pride of his people vnpunished. Also they shal thrust him forth of his Realm: and make al the four chief flods of his Realm to run blod. And after that the Poldiwarpe shall flée, and take a ship to saue himself: for he shal haue no more power of his Realme: and after that hee shalbe glad to giue the third parte of his Realme, to haue the fourth parte in

peace

peace, and he shal not get it: for the will of God is, that no man shal haue mercy, but he that is mercifull. And after that he shal liue in sorrow al his life time: and by aduenture sodenly in a flod of the sea: and his progeny shalbe fatherlesse in strange countries and landes for euermore, because they were gotten against the law of God: For by that generation the Realme of England is repleate of all iniquity & abomination of sin. And so the Wolf, the Dragon, with the Lyon, shall diuide the Realm of England: and so shal the land be conquest by the power & will of God, and not by strength of man. And he that is an English man borne, shall deny & perjure his native Nation and Realm. But yet they shall be as tributours to these forsaid three beastes, and all wholly subdued to them. And then the spouse of God shalbee glad of her deliuerance: and her children shall inhabit their lands with ioy in the seruice of their Father by creation. Wel is that man that képs his true part to that time. For after those dayes the law of the spouse shalbe well kept. But in the meane time, that al Religious persons suffer patiently persecution, and specially the pore, which hath lest all for ỳ spouse sake, for they shalbe glad to flée to mountains and caues for their safeguarde: but he for whose sake they doe suffer, shal redres their dolor to ioy without end. And the Ile of Britane shalbe in all ioy & peace: and the iust shalbe glad in the suppressing of their aduersaries: & then shal all good men and women giue perfect laude and praise to God Omnipotent: for God doth suffer man to be punished for sin. And then shal the Owle, the Beare, with the Eagle, be al destroyd, because they were vntrue to the Mone, and changed into blod: for by their counsel the white lyon, gentle of nature, was degenerate and made cruell against them that was his trusty friends: for hee shalbe the cause of great and much trouble, and shedding of much innocẽt blod, & ỳ beginning of great vnkindnes among them ỳ should be friends. And as for his succession

succession, they shall neuer inhabit his lands. And then shall the Bucke beware, & take good heed, that he shed no blod in the lands: but draw him to his strength: for the Wolf shall await him at an aduantage, and be his death. And then shall all the birdes of the wood sing for joy, that the Wolfe is made watchman, and enemy to the Fox: for all shall be one, in truth and peace, treason shalbe known: and the Sunne shal shine clear: but the Mone shalbe vnder couer, & darke, till God be pleased to redresse: and the white Lyon ramping shal haue his den at large, for his stedfast truth ý he kept to the kith. And he shal kéep ý birds in their bounds with al glory. But ý Unicorn shal couch full low, for falshod that he wrought with the Rauen roiping: & that was for their grædinesse & treason ý they shal do by the sea: and vnder a great hil: for the Cok, that shold haue bene true, was false & drew with him the Papingo: by the which the Rose gaue no smell, that euer was pleasant to the kith: & so in their trace they shal draw the best Fowles in ý wood: wherfore alas. But then let them take hæd, for then coms their destresse: the horn shal blow dolour in sound, that all the Castles on Tyne shall quake: and the Hart shall run and make litle debate: woe shalbe: but it shal not long last: For the Wolfe, with the Dragon and the Lyon, shall they release, that long laye in their denne: and Justice shall bée had, that was staped to rise. Then shall tremble and quake, the Stalwart and the Starke: and the right shall bée had, that Justice shall draw: and woe shall bée to them, that no pittie would haue: for the Chiftane of the kith, that God would should guide, and strike treason downe on euerie side. And happie is that man, that may it sée: but happie is that Chiftane, what euer hée bée.

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